

Wedding Bells

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Summary: Even though Sandy had only known her for a short time, Candace Fox becomes her Maid of Honor. Stan undoubtedly falls for her but, this time it's different. Will this Hollywood hopeful return his feeling? Rating may go up to T. FINISHED

1. Answered Proposal

Disclaimer: I don not own anything from the show Hamtaro. This applies to all of the following chapters.

Author's note: I decided to edit this thing because the whole dialogue thing was making me mad. I dunno if i'll do this with FIASE, though, becasuse yesterday I had a scary amout of free time and my WB has only gotten worse. So here. The "new" one. XD Sorry about deleting all of my crap on here. Especially the tahnk yous. I forgot to add those and well... (cries uncontrollably) GOD! I AM SUCH A FUCKING BLONDE! So yeah. I'll have to re-replace those after I re-replace this chapter. XD UGH.

Chapter One: Answered Proposal

"Okay, Stan. I did it." Maxwell burst through the door.

"And...What did she say?" Stan eagerly asked.

"Nothing. She's torturing me by making me wait the traditional six days," Maxwell groaned. Stan chuckled.

-.--.

"Ugh...Sandy, Sandy, Sandy...What did I tell you?! If you love the guy, say 'yes' right away!" Stan teasingly yelled at his sister later that night. She looked down at her glittering ring and blushed.

"I know, I know. It's just that, I didn't wanna seem desperate..." she trailed off. "Poor guy..."

"You should give him your answer now," Stan suggested.

"How? It's not like I'm going to see him anytime soon. I mean, he still thinks we're not going to see each other for about a week." Stan grinned mischievously. "What's that look for?"

"Call him," Stan pointed to the phone.

"Stan, I can't just call him. It'd be better if I told him in person," Sandy criticized the idea.

"Call him."

"Stan! That's like, so tacky and- What are you doing?"

Stan was over at the small coffee table dialing the phone.

"Giving you a little push towards destiny by doing the hard part," was her brother's reply as he handed her the phone.

"Oh, yeah...the actual conversation is the easy pa-" She stopped her sarcastic bantering when Maxwell picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

"Maxy! Hi!"

"Sandy, I..."

"Yes, Maxwell?"

"I didn't think I'd be hearing from you so soon," he chuckled. "Is something wrong?"

"No, Max. I just wanted to tell you something."

A lump formed in Maxwell's throat and he began to sweat. Anticipating the worst, he began to tear up as his heart began to sink. Stan, who was watching all of this from the couch, became antsy. 'Go on...go on...' he silently urged.

Taking a deep breath, Sandy shakily said, "Maxwell...Yes, I will marry you."

Tears flowed from both of their eyes. Even Stan had some trickle down his face.

"Oh, Sandy..." Maxwell nearly sobbed. "You don't know how happy I am." Sandy giggled.

"I think I do." She smiled.

All was quiet for a moment.

"I think we should get off the phone," Maxwell said gently.

"Alright. I love you, Maxy. Good night."

"I love you too. Sweet dreams, Sandy."

Click.

Stan quickly wiped the tears from his eyes as Sandy turned around. She ran over to her brother and tackled him. The two laughed.

"Oh, Stanley...Thank you!" She squealed.

"Congratulations, sis..."

"Stan, you sound sad..." Sandy gently pointed out.

"I'm happy," he said defensively. "But-"

"But what?"

"My baby sister's growing up SO fast!" he sobbed.

"Oh, Stanley... I'll always be your baby sister, no matter how old I get." she kissed his cheek.

"Alright," he said slowly. "Well, I better get outta here. It's nearly eleven."

"Good night," they said in unison.

Sandy nearly floated up the stairs to her bedroom as Stan quietly slipped out the door.

'Someday...someday...' Stan thought to himself hopefully.

2. Explaining the Guest List

Chapter Two: Explaining the Guest List

Two Months Later...

"Boss Jones and Guest, Hamtaro Haruna, Bijou Kreviazuk, Pashmina and Penelope Smith, Panda, Cappy Greyston, and Guest(s), Howdy Lawlace and Guest, Dexter Carlton, Candace Fox, Jingle Rollins- Wait! Hey Maxy, do we know a Candace Fox?" Sandy was double checking the invitations that were to be sent out the following day. So far, there were twenty or so.

"Yes. Well, I do at least. She's my cousin-by-marriage." Sandy looked confused. "My Uncle Tao- the Russian guy, remember?" Sandy nodded. "He married her mother."

"Wouldn't that make her your regular cousin?" Sandy asked.

"No. Lydia had Candace with another man," Maxwell replied.

"Oh...I'm starting to get it now! I hope I don't sound like, rude or anything but, what happened to her dad?"

Maxwell hesitated. "...Maybe you should ask Candace. All I know is that Lydia remarried the guy and then died when Candace was

eight.

"Oh..." Sandy said, sadly. " Wouldn't she like, get mad at me, though? I mean, if I asked her about it?"

"Not if you get to know her first," Maxwell tried lightening the mood. "I'm sure you two will get along great!"

"I hope so," Sandy said, gently putting the invitation back into the middle of the pile.

-.-.-.

"Hey, Sandy. how about I take you out somewhere? You know, to celebrate? Besides, you need the break, sis," Stan offered that night.

"Sorry Stan, I can't. I'd love to, but I can't," his sister replied.

"Aw...How 'bout tomorrow, then?"

"I can't then, either."

"Why not?"

"Max's cousin is coming to help with the wedding plans, seeing as I can't organize and Max has no good taste."

"I do so!" Maxwell yelled from the den. The twins chuckled.

"So...?"

"I'll probably be free Wednesday, if that's what you were about to ask."

"No... Is she hot?"

"STAN!" Maxwell looked up at Sandy from his book, startled with her sudden uproar. "How am I supposed to know? I've never seen her before," she whispered. "And besides, _I'm a girl_. How would I know if another girl is attractive?" Stan grinned.

"Oh...Well, Wednesday it is! See you then?" Stan switched the subject.

"Yeah. But only if you leave Candace alone."

"Candace? That's a cute name."

"STAN!"

"See ya Wednesday!" Stan quickly dismissed himself.

Click.

"Sandy sighed. "What am I gonna do with him?"

"Lock him up and throw the key away?" Maxwell suggested

playfully.

"Maxy! I'm not THAT cruel!"

"And, how cruel would that be?" he asked, leaning forward. Sandy giggled.

"Maxy! You're such a goofball," she said, pecking his cheek.

"Just the cheek?" Maxwell pouted. Sandy kissed him on the lips.

"There. You happy?" she asked.

"You act as though I forced you," he laughed.

"Oh, be quiet." Sandy pushed him onto the couch and turned off the lights.

"Hey!" Maxwell said, pretending to be mad.

Sandy giggled and continued running up the steps.

"Good night, Maxwell! We have a lot of work to do tomorrow, so get some rest!"

Maxwell sighed defeatedly and lay his head down on a pillow.

3. Night on the Town

Chapter Three: Night on the Town

Wednesday Night...

"Oh my gosh, Stan! That was the best movie I've ever seen! I so have to buy it when it comes out on DVD!" Sandy repeated herself in a giddy way.

Stan sweat dropped. "Glad you liked it so much."

According to Sandy, she had laughed crying, had cried laughing, and pretty much everything in between. This made Stan think she was psychotic and wonder what Maxwell was getting himself into. Plus, he didn't think School of Rock was THAT good.

'Oh well... at least she had a good time,' he said to himself, smiling.

Sandy's cell phone suddenly rang. She quickly grabbed it from her purse. Stan had a look of amazement etched on his face. Usually, her bag was so cluttered and full of crap, she had to empty it out just to find something.

"Candace organized it for me," Sandy informed after seeing her brother's expression. She then picked up the phone.

"Hello? Candace?...Stan? Yeah, he's right here...Sure." Both siblings had the same confused look on as Sandy handed her phone to Stan.

"Hello?"

"Stan? Hi, I'm Candace-"

"That I am aware of."

"Smart ass... Anyway, can you do me a HUGE favor?"

"I can do more than that, babe."

"STANLEY!" Sandy yelled. Candace laughed.

"What do you need?" Stan asked.

"Well, seeing as you are the bride's brother, you should know her best, right?"

"Yeah...What are you getting at?"

"Could you ask her something for me?"

"Sure. Hold on." Stan turned around to his sister. "Hey, Sandy, Ca-"

"No, you idiot! Don't let her know I asked it! And, when you do ask, make it subtle!" Candace fake-yelled and began to laugh.

"Oh...Sorry, Candace," Stan apologized and smiled.

"Stan...?" Sandy asked. Stan looked at her, annoyed.

"Ugh...I'm kinda on the phone, sis."

"Weren't you gonna ask me something?"

"Um...Yeah, but I forgot." Sandy frowned. "Don't worry, it wasn't important." She gave him a look. "Really." She let it go, figuring he was just being his stupid self.

"Hey, I'm back," he said

"Okay. Anyway, I need to know what her favorite pastel colors are," Candace said.

"What for?" She sighed. "I'm just curious," he defended.

"Dresses. And please have her put them in order."

"Order?" Candace sighed again.

"Say, for example, she likes pink, then blue. That's in order, if that makes sense."

"Oh...Okay. Sure."

"Thanks. See ya around!"

Click.

'Everyone must be asleep,' Stan thought. 'I didn't think we were out

THAT late!' He looked at his watch. Ten thirty-two.

Stan began to walk off, not noticing that Sandy had forgotten to shut the door until someone called: "Good night, Stan."

Stan turned around and became completely transfixed with a pair of the most lovely brown eyes. He stood there, in the middle of the sidewalk, numb and breathless as the giggling figure with the flowing brunette ham-hair and pearls for teeth went into the house and turned off the light.

Her presence lingered, making the dark stillness of the night ripple and swoon with the echoes of her laughter. Had his sister befriended an angel or had he just imagined her? And, if she was real, was the girl even Candace? His questions were silenced by a very pleasant, yet vague feeling. It reminded him of the phone conversation he had earlier that night. Maybe his "someday" had come...maybe...

4. Memories and Then Some

Chapter Four: Memories and Then Some

The Next Morning...

Stan awoke to the deafening sound of his telephone ringing. He groggily picked up the receiver and cleared his throat.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Stan. Did I wake you up?"

"Nah, Max. It's alright. What's up?"

"Sandy and I wanted to know if you would like to go to dinner with us tonight."

"Ugh, yeah... about that. Dude, I don't wanna intrude on you and my sis. Besides, three's a crowd."

"Well, it would be if you didn't come."

"Huh?"

"Candace is coming too. She's done so much for Sandy and I, I think she deserves a break..." Stan zoned out as Maxwell kept talking.

"...That, and we have something to ask." Stan was quiet.

"Stan...?"

"Ugh...Yeah. Sure. Count me in. See ya later, bud," Stan quickly said before hanging up and plopped his head back down on his pillow.

-.--.

Maxwell hung up the phone and walked down the hall, towards the stairs. He heard soft music playing and entered the guest room, where it came from. There was a music box on Candace's bed playing "Memories". Maxwell picked it up gently and examined the familiar

object.

He closed it, ceasing the music momentarily. He slid his paws across the smooth oak wood and golden hinges, remembering how the one on the left had been broken by accident when he was about nine.

Reopening the heart-shaped box and setting it back down to admire its red velvet lining and spinning golden figurine, Maxwell listened to the lulling sound of the song. Closing his eyes, he remembered winding it up for Candace when she was scared and couldn't sleep. He also remembered how careful Candace had been with the trinket because it was the only thing she had left of her mother, besides memories, of course.

This made Maxwell sad. He couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be a girl without a mother to guide her through life's trials and tribulations, to not have anyone to confide in or to be consoled by. And yet, for someone who had lost so much, she had always been open and carefree. Maxwell had always admired her for this, as did many others. He was proud to be her cousin.

Maxwell gently closed the music box, not wanting to run it out, and left the room.

-.--.

While Stan was getting ready, all of his questions resurfaced, making him anxious and full of anxiety. What Ifs and How Coulds filled his mind as he put on his red tie. Butterflies zipped around, tightening his intestines as he brushed his teeth and combed his dishwater blonde fur. He was dreadfully nervous and the quiet of his house didn't help ease his mind.

Ding Dong.

Stan jumped, startled. His heart thudded against his chest. He quickly grabbed his jacket and answered the door.

Sandy stood there in a pretty red cocktail dress with Maxwell at her side. Behind them was the angel otherwise known as Candace in a sparkling white strapless dress. Her hair was held in two shiny barrettes. Each had three silver hearts.

Stan inadvertently shivered.

"W-what's shakin', C-Candace?"

"Obviously, you are, Stan," she warmly said and giggled. How he loved that giggle...

"Eh...heh heh heh... Well, what are we waitin' for? Let's celebrate!" Stan changed the subject.

"Oopah!" the others chimed in.

-.--.

"My name is Ben and I'll be your waiter for tonight," a man said after showing the group to their booth. "Would you like to start out with some drinks?"

"Yes. I'll have a red wine and, what about you, dear?" Maxwell said. Candace had always admired the first person to order, because she never knew how to start. She made a mental note of what Maxwell did and planned to use it the next time she went out.

"I'll have a red wine as well," Sandy answered.

"I guess I'll copy them," Stan said.

"And you, Miss?" Ben asked Candace.

"Um..."

"Let me guess, a red wine?"

"No. I'll have a Shirley Temple please."

"Ahh... A drink as sweet and innocent as its orderer..." Ben took Candace's paw and kissed it. Stan was outraged when she blushed and giggled.

'Why didn't I think of that?' he glared.

"Stan. is something the matter?" Maxwell asked.

"Huh? No. I just forgot to do something at home. It's no big deal."

Later...

As the group ate and chatted, Stan felt someone's foot repeatedly rub against his. He hoped it was Candace, otherwise things would be even more awkward. What if it was her? What if she liked him? What if they started dating and really hit it off? What if they got married and had kids? What if- He was thinking too far ahead. Maybe she didn't realize she was rubbing her foot on his. He decided to investigate.

He made sure the others were too involved with their conversation before he pretended to drop his fork. (He wanted a reason to look under the table, not to make him look like a fool.) As he ducked under the table cloth, he saw the culprit's foot. It definitely belonged to a girl. But, not the one had hoped. He quickly yanked his foot back, startling his sister, who immediately blushed.

"Sorry, Stan. I thought your foot was part of the table," Sandy apologized.

He faintly laughed and plastered on a smile. Through gritted teeth he said, "That's okay, sis."

They left it at that.

-.--.

The men stood outside of Maxwell and Sandy's new house as the ladies went in.

"Stan...? I have something very important to ask," Maxwell said

seriously.

"Yeah, okay. Shoot."

"You and I have been friends for a long time, and we both love Sandy very much. And, I think we all know how much of a nervous wreck I am and- Well, the point is, you've always been there for sandy and I. So, I wanted to know if you'd be my Best Man, since you're already my best friend..."

"Wow, Max. Really?"

"Yes. Would you?"

"Yeah, Man! I mean, dude this is-this is..."

"This is what?"

"...SO FREAKING AWESOME!"

They laughed and said their good nights as Stan skipped off to his home.

-.-.-.

Meanwhile, the ladies got into their night clothes and went up to the roof. As they sat up there, Sandy noticed something in Candace's paws.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Yours," Candace replied simply as she handed it to her. "It was my mom's." Sandy quickly gave it back.

"Candace, I can't accept this. I mean, it like, belonged to someone who really loved you."

"Consider it your wedding gift. Besides, I'm always on the road lately, and I'm afraid I'll damage it even more."

There was silence for a moment.

"I have an idea. We'll keep it safe here for you, but it'll still be yours," Sandy said, smiling.

"Sure!" Candace smiled back. They hugged.

"Hey, Candace. Can I ask you some things?"

"Yeah."

"The first one is...Would you like to be my Maid of Honor?" Candace squealed excitedly.

"Yes!...But, what about your other friends?"

"I already asked them if it was alright if I picked you, and they said it was a great idea, since you've done such a wonderful job."

"Aww..." Candace cooed. "They sound so cool. I can't wait to meet them!... What was the other thing you wanted to ask?"

Sandy drew in a deep breath.

"Would you mind telling me about your family? You don't have to, I'm just curious."

"No. I don't mind. Hmm...Where should I start...? Oh, I got it!" Candace paused for a moment.

5. The Long Awaited Story

Chapter Five: The Long Awaited Story

"My mother met my father when she was in high school. Her car caught on fire and since her hometown didn't have a fire station, the police had double duty. My father just so happened to be on patrol that night and put the fire out. He even offered to pay to get the car fixed." Candace laughed.

-.-.-.

"Hello, ma'am. Havin' car trouble?" As if on cue, the car burst into flames.

"Oh, it's just a little-ah!"

"It's alright, Miss. The fire's out."

"Oh thank you so much!" He handed her a fifty. She looked at it confused. Shouldn't she be the one paying him?

"Here. Get your car fixed tomorrow. I'll give you a ride home."

She hopped in the front seat of the cruiser. As she was buckling her seat belt, her heart throbbed painfully when she saw his badge.

'Tom...' She sighed.

"When do you get off work?" Tom asked.

'Work? He must think I'm older...Well then...' She smirked.

"Three 'o clock."

"I'll pick you up to go to the shop then."

"You don't have to-"

"It would be my pleasure. Where should I meet you?"

"At the high school... I'm the guidance counselor."

They reached her house moments later. Tom got out of his cruiser and opened the girl's door.

"There you go... Oh my! We haven't introduced ourselves yet! I'm

Tom."

"I know..." the girl said pointing to his badge. He chuckled. "I'm Lydia."

"Lydia? Who's out there? Where have you been?"

"Nobody, nowhere, Daddy."

"You live with your parents?"

"Yeah. Well, they live with me, I mean. They've gotten so old, and I just don't want to put them in a Home. None of my older siblings will take them in," Lydia said, even though she was an only child.

"Well, that's very thoughtful of you," Tom remarked, warmly.

"Lydia?"

"I have to go. Good night, _Tom._"

-.--.

"Mom knew it was wrong to lie, but she was so in love with my dad, that she didn't have the heart to tell him she was only seventeen...And, unfortunately, she paid the price."

-.--.

"Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Macy, this can't be happening!" Lydia cried from the bathroom.

"What? Is it-?" her friend called back.

"Yes! It's blue!" Macy gasped, horrified.

"Do you know who the father is?"

"No. But, I think it might be that foreign exchange student, Tao."

"Oh my gosh! Didn't he already go back to Russia?"

"Mhm..."

-.--.

"My mom's parents got suspicious, so she came clean and dropped out of school to marry my dad, even though she was certain I belonged to Tao. My grandparents were so mad at her, they refused to talk to me and my dad or Tao. There was too much tension for my dad, so about four months after I was born, my parents divorced, mom went to Russia, and I was found not to belong to Tao when they went to a clinic in Moscow."

-.--.

"Who does she belong to, then?" Tao translated for Lydia to the

doctor. The doctor replied in Russian.

"He wants to know if you had bedded with anyone else recently before you found out you were pregnant." Lydia slowly nodded. The doctor spoke. "How many other?" Tao asked not only for the sake of translating, but for his own, too.

"One. But we used protection, I don't understand." Lydia began to tear up. 'I _knew_ I should've waited 'til I was married!'

"I think you know what to do..." Tao said, half-heartedly.

-.--.

"So, mom remarried dad as soon as she came home. They moved far away from my grandparents and raised me in New York City, where the Broadway stage was my playground. Mom and Tao still remained friends and soon I met his nephew, Max."

"How old were you? When you met Maxy, I mean."

"Three of four... He was always looking out for me. Even after we stopped visiting each other, he'd always try to help me, especially since dad was always on duty and mom was too sad to get out of bed sometimes..." Candace trailed off. "When I was eight, I thought I'd lost my best friend, I thought I'd never find another one ever again. But, you proved me wrong, Sandy." Candace kind of got off the subject and hugged Sandy.

"I don't wanna sound rude or anything, but... did your mom kill herself?"

"No. She might have been depressed, but she loved me and daddy too much to just kill herself. She was hit by a drunk driver. That's why I never drink anything alcoholic."

"Oh... What about your dad?"

"He's still in the police. He works in Brooklyn. Sometimes, he even comes to the plays I'm in."

"Plays?"

"Mhm. I'm a Broadway actress."

"Oh, wow! That's like, so neat!" Candace blushed.

"Thanks... I'm kinda tired. I think I'll go to my room now. 'Night, Sandy." Candace pretend-yawned. Sandy knew she wasn't tired, but decided to play along, knowing her friend was a bit bummed out after talking about such a bitter-sweet subject.

" 'Night, Candace."

Candace looked back at Sandy, who, seeing the twinkles in her friend's soft brown eyes, knew she'd feel better in the morning. After all, mornings are new beginnings, right?

6. The Rehearsal Dinner

Chapter Six: The Rehearsal Dinner

All of the Ham-hams sat at the very long table chatting and whatnot. At the head of it were four seats: the left one for Stan, two in the middle for Sandy and Maxwell, and one on the right for Candace, who wasn't there at the moment.

Maxwell stood up and clacked a fork to his glass to get everyone's attention. Penelope raised her paw to help quiet the others down. Some laughed.

"What? We do it at school ookyoo!" Cappy nodded in agreement. Everyone burst into laughter.

"Ahh... Kids." Boss sighed, chuckling.

"Hey! C'mon, guys, shut the Hell up! Can't ya see Max is tryin' to talk here!" Stan bellowed. The others fell silent.

"Ugh...Thanks, Stan." Maxwell gulped at seeing everyone's gaze upon him. He took a deep breath and wiped some sweat from his brow. Then, he began. "I'd like to thank you all for coming and supporting us. Friends like you only come around once in a blue moon and Sandy and I are very thankful for you. I'd also like to thank Stan for taking such good care of his sister and for being there for me when I needed advice or someone to talk to. But, the one who I really owe thanks to is the lady who did it all. Without her, I doubt this wedding would be half as great as she's made it. Please give a round of applause to... Candace Fox!"

Everyone began to clap, but quickly stopped when they realized she wasn't there. The only one still clapping was Howdy, who applauded in a circular motion. He laughed.

"Get it? Round of applause?"

"Yes, we got it, Howdy. You can cut it out any time now," an annoyed Dexter said.

"Aww...C'mon, Dex! This is Grade-A hilarious!"

"Nu-uh!" Cappy said as he and Penelope stuck their tongues out, giving him a thumbs-down.

"Penelope!" Pashmina scolded as Howdy hung his head down.

"ANYWAY... Candace Fox!" Stan repeated. Everyone was quiet as a voice was heard from outside in the tunnels.

"I have to go, Rodger, Thanks." All the hamsters held in their breath as someone opened the clubhouse door. "Yeah, guys?" Candace asked, poking her head in the doorway. Everybody's gaze left Maxwell and went straight to Candace. "I'm really sorry about that. It's just my agent, Rodger McCarthy, called and told me he reserved a try-out spot for me for this movie role next month... Sorry, Max. Didn't mean to steal your thunder," she finished, noticing everyone staring at her.

"... I don't think we had any thunder to steal... That's GREAT news, Candace!" He ran over to her and they hugged.

"Congratulations!"

"Thanks, Max." All the Ham-hams applauded and/or whistled for her. She blushed. "Thanks, everyone."

-.--.

"Hey, Oxnard. Seeing as you've tried everything here, can you tell me what's good?" Candace asked.

"Well, the roasted pumpkin seeds are pretty good, so are the walnuts and strawberries... not to mention the sunflowers and dandelion salad. Oh! And the cheese cubes are _to die for_," Oxnard replied, drooling.

Candace sweat dropped. "I'll take your word for it..." She took a strawberry and two pumpkin seeds and went to the table. As she walked to her seat, she accidentally brushed against Stan. The two blushed.

"Sorry about that."

"It's okay." 'Say something...preferably cool!' his mind screamed. "Besides, if you were a booger, I'd pick you first." 'Not cool, not cool!'"

Candace laughed heartily. "I guess I'd pick you, too."

'Okay, okay... Maybe it was cool.' He grinned.

"Your brother is _so funny_," Candace said once in her seat. Sandy grimaced.

"What did he do now?"

"Oh, nothing... It was just silly. Something to do with boogers."

"Eww! Stanley!" Stan looked up from his plate with orange salad dressing on his face. Candace giggled and pointed to her cheek. He quickly wiped it off with his sleeve. Sandy sighed.

"What?" her brother simply asked. More giggles from Candace. Sandy sighed once more and rolled her eyes.

-.--.

"Alright. Powder blue for Bijou, light rose for Pashmina, and yellow for our flower girl?"

"Mhm." The girls nodded.

"Okay, then!" Candace said and went back to the table to scribble on a piece of paper. She walked back with it and a pen. "Now, if I could just get your sizes..."

Moments later...

"What are the dresses going to look like?" Pashmina asked, in a giddy way.

"I haven't drawn a pattern yet."

"You mean, you're drawing..." Pashmina was so surprised, she couldn't finish her sentence. What else was this girl good at?

"Mhm. Wanna see Sandy's?" The girls vigorously nodded and Candace went over to her bag, pulling out a sketch pad. She opened it up to the page where the pattern was drawn.

The dress would be white, of course, with silver lining around the three-quarter sleeves and the bottom of the dress, which would come to her shins. It was semi-frilly and had a bit of poof to it, as every wedding dress does. The veil would be attached to a very small tiara and match the dress. It would come to the bride's chin.

The others' eyes widened as they gasped.

"You aren't sewing them too, are you?" Bijou asked, still bewildered.

"No. I can't sew for crap!" Candace laughed.

"It's so beautiful..." Pashmina gushed, eyes twinkling. "I wish Sandy could see it. Are you going to show her?"

"No. Stan said he had a feeling she wanted to be surprised."

-.--.

"Hey Candace! Throw this sunflower seed," Stan said. Candace threw it on the ground. "No. To me." She picked it up, dusted it off, and threw it towards him, hitting his pant leg. "To me, not at me!" He laughed.

"Sorry, I have terrible aim," Candace admitted.

"Here. I'll do it myself," he grumbled, fake-mad.

Stan threw the seed high into the air. It went a little to the left, so he leaned that way and barely caught it in his teeth.

"Ta-da!" Stan said as Candace clapped. "What can you do?" he challenged playfully.

"I bet you can't do this!"

Candace went over to the buffet table and took the plate of cheese cubes. One by one, she fit fourteen in her mouth. Swallowing hard, she triumphantly said, "HA!"

"Wow, that's quite a big mouth you have there." Stan was thoroughly impressed. 'Good, 'cuz I have a big-

"Hey Stan!" Sandy called, interrupting her brother's thought as she skipped over to him.

"Y-yeah, sis...?" Stan asked, shaken.

"C'mon, dance with me!" his twin replied.

"Have fun!" Candace called, smiling.

7. Not Just Dresses

Chapter Seven: Not Just Dresses

Two Days Later...

..."Sandy, I swear. You have to see this sketch...You're going to look so beautiful!" Pashmina gushed enthusiastically.

"Alright. I'll look at it when she's out with Maxy, k? I have to go. Love ya, Pashy."

"See you around, girlfriend."

Click.

-.--.

That Afternoon...

"Sandy! We're going!" Maxwell called from downstairs.

"Wait!" Sandy yelled from their room. She ran downstairs and to the front door where the duo stood. Wrapping her arms around Maxwell's neck, she pecked her fianc e on the lips. "Have fun. Be careful."

"We will! Let's go, Max!" Candace said eagerly, tugging on his jacket. He and Sandy laughed.

"Bye!"

-.--.

Sandy waited for an extra five minutes just in case they came back for something they forgot. But, as soon as she thought the coast was clear, she went upstairs and crept into Candace's room.

'Good, she forgot her bag... Oh crows! She forgot her bag! I better hurry up,' Sandy thought.

She quickly pulled out the sketch pad and turned to the first page. There was a sketch of a vase with dead roses. This struck Sandy as odd. But, then again, this was Candace's private property and as a good friend, she shouldn't be snooping around in it. She quickly skipped ahead and went to the page with a dress on it. It looked like it belonged to a flower girl... It was Penelope's.

The dress was small and was trimmed with lace all over. There were matching yellow gloves and a sash.

'Aww...' Sandy smiled. She went to the next page.

Bijou and Pashmina's dresses were going to be identical, so Candace only drew one pattern. The dresses would be a bit bell-shaped and lined with glittery lace at the collar, bottom, and sleeves.

'So neat...' She flipped ahead a few pages where hers was, after seeing other sketches of butterflies, skateboards, logos, cars, lighthouses, guitars, oceans, and sunsets. She gasped and began to cry at seeing her own dress..

Sandy sat on Candace's bed for a few moments to catch her breath.

'She's so cool...!' Sandy, wanting to see more of Candace's artwork, flipped to the next page. What she saw next both horrified and excited her.

'Oh my gosh! That looks exactly like-'

"Sandy...?" Sandy jumped.

"Candace!"

"I thought you wanted to be surprised..."

"I did!... Until Pashy called and told me about the dress...What's this about?" She pointed at the page she was on, putting Candace in the hot seat.

Candace froze and blushed a little.

"What do you mean? It's just a sketch..."

"Do you like my brother?"

"WHAT! No! I mean, I do as a _friend_..."

"You like him, don't you?" Sandy pressed.

"No I don't... Sandy, please stop." Candace teared up.

"Aww... I'm sorry, Candace..." Sandy wrapped an arm around her. "It's beautiful. All your sketches are... But, can I ask something?" Candace weakly nodded. "Why'd you choose to draw Stan?"

"Candace, are you coming?" Maxwell called.

"I'll be there in a sec, Max!" Candace hollered. "... I don't really know. Something about him made me want to draw that day. But, we're just friends, okay?" she answered.

"Good," Sandy said. Candace left with her bag. 'Good?'

-.--.

"I'm here, Max."

"Alright. Let's go."

The two walked out the door. Maxwell noticed Candace's troubled frown.

"Are you up to this? We don't have to go if you aren't feeling well..."

Candace put her acting skills to use. She smiled and said, "Max, you worry too much. Of course I'm okay!" She grabbed his paw and skipped off, dragging him behind with her. They laughed.

8. The Suite Life

Chapter Eight: The Suite Life

All of the Ham-hams either stood or sat in the lobby of the big hotel in Arlington. Maxwell and Sandy were at the desk, checking if the reservation information was correct.

"I wish they'd hurry up," Cappy groaned to Penelope, who impatiently fidgeted too.

"Guys, settle down," said Panda, who grabbed his little brother's arm.

"But, Panda..." both children whined.

"Enough," Pashmina said, gently.

Moments later, they walked back with a piece of paper and many key cards.

"Finally..." both kids sighed, getting firm taps on the head from their older siblings.

"Alright. Panda and Cappy will be in room 15. Boss, Howdy, Dexter, and Jingle are in room 17. Hamtaro, Oxnard, and Snoozer will be in room 19. Bijou, Pashmina, and Penelope will be in room 16. Max and I will get rooms 20 and 21, and Stan gets room 18 with... Uh-oh. Maxy...?" Sandy waved to her fiancée to come closer.

"What's wrong?"

"Stan and Candace are in the same room...You know that spells trouble," she whispered.

"Well, Candace and I could always trade rooms..."

-.--.

"No, Max! It's totally cool. I'll keep Stan in line," Candace said as they approached the rooms.

"If you say so..." Maxwell said, handing her the other key card.

Meanwhile...

"Sandy, who am I rooming with? You never said," Stan brought up.

"Maxy, of course."

"But, I thought he had a room to himself."

"Well, you were originally going to room with Candace, but we decided to trade, for erm...reasons." his sister put nicely.

"Aww man! I coulda been with a real hottie all weekend!" Stan whined.

"Exactly. That's why we switched." Stan sulked the rest of the way to his room.

-.--.

Once he got to his room, Stan slowly inserted the card into the slot on the door. A green light lit up and he pulled down on the handle, opening the door. Slowly wheeling his suitcase into the room, he grumbled,

"Sorry, Max. I was talking to my sis about the new room arrangements, and- You're not Max!"

Candace sat on her bed with a big binder and was on the phone. She held up a finger to Stan.

"Okay. They need to be delivered on Saturday at ten a.m. Alright. I'll tell them. No, I'm the groom's cousin. Yeah. Than-Q. Bye." She hung up. "What was that, Stan?"

"Ugh... never mind." He grinned. 'Yus!'

Later...

"So, what's in the binder?" Stan asked.

"All of the stuff and information for the wedding. Here, have a look." She tossed it to him.

As he looked through the pages and pages of stuff, he found out that Sandy and Maxwell were getting married at a chapel a few blocks away, the cake would be chocolate with raspberry icing, the flowers would only cost fifty-seven ninety-five, and they hired a well-known radio DJ for the reception.

"Sweet." Stan tossed it back. "It must've took you a long time to get all of this set up and everything."

Candace blushed. "Yeah. But, it's totally worth it... So, you havin' a party for Max?"

"Mhm. Tonight, in fact. You havin' one for Sandy?"

"Yup. Ours is tonight too."

"Aww... I was gonna invite you to ours!" Stan whined, jokingly. Candace laughed.

"Sorry, Stan. Besides, Sandy told me to tell you to keep the stripping and drinking to a minimum and not to let the party get too out of control."

"Aww... What kinda bachelor party doesn't have lotsa booze? At least we can still hire a stripper..." Stan joked. Candace remained quiet. She looked a bit uncomfortable.

"I'm gonna take a shower..." she said slowly.

"Can I come?"

"In your dreams," she replied, playfully slapping him as she walked to the bathroom.

"Are you sure?"

Candace turned around, walked towards him and gently pulled on a few of his whiskers.

"Yes," she firmly said, letting go. "Perv," she scoffed under her breath, laughing as Stan rubbed his cheek.

9. Bachelorette Party Gone Wild

Chapter Nine: Bachelorette Party Gone Wild

That Night...

(The Boys' Room)

-Howdy, Dexter, Maxwell, and Snoozer were playing Black Jack at the small table between the TV and the bed.

"... Hit," Snoozer drowsily said. Maxwell gave him a card.

"How does he know what cards he has? He's always asleep," Dexter asked Howdy, who looked over at Snoozer's hand to see if it equaled 21. He had that exact amount. Howdy scowled.

"I think he's fakin'. No one can sleep that long." Snoozer then let out a huge snore. "Or maybe they can..." He, Dexter, and Maxwell sweat dropped.

-Oxnard and Hamtaro ran over to the card sharks. They seemed guilty... and/or panicked.

"Max, I'm soooo sorry. I-I...Wahaaaaaaa!" Oxnard cried.

"Oxnard accidentally broke the nightstand when he fell on it," Hamtaro finished.

"It's not ALL my fault! I tripped over my seeeeeed!" he kept sobbing.

"It's okay. I'll have Panda fix it sometime before we leave. By the way, where is he?" Maxwell said.

"With Cappy in their room. Man, am I glad my folks didn't have other kids when I was in high school!" Howdy said.

- The stripper wrapped her shirt around Stan's neck as she sat on his

lap.

"So, you're the bride's older brother? Big responsibility there..." she purred seductively. Stan stayed quiet.

The girl's short, curly blonde hair turned into longer, straight brunette as her electric green eyes turned a soft chocolate brown. Her long face rounded out more as her teeth became more luminous. She spoke again, snapping Stan out of his thoughts, looking the way she originally did. He no longer wanted her on him.

"Heyhoo...You in there, sweetie?" He had to get her off of him somehow. An idea popped into his head.

"Hey, my friend- the tall guy with the hardhat?" She nodded. "I think he needs some lovin' too," Stan finished as the girl ran over to Boss.

"Hey there, big boy..."

Meanwhile...

(The Girls' Room)

Boisterous laughter could be heard as the bachelorette party proceeded. There were a stack of empty wine coolers on the table, none of which Candace drank from.

"Alright. Alright. Truth or Dare, Bijou?" Sandy asked.

"Erm...Truth?"

"Okay, Truth! How many kids do you plan on having? When? And, with who?" Bijou gulped and flushed. Pashmina and Candace tried to stifle their laughs.

"...Three. When I'm married, duh!"

"But, with who would you have those kids with?"

" 'A-amtaro..." Bijou quickly looked down and blushed as the others cooed.

"Who's the next victim...? Hm..." Sandy had an evil look on.

"Candace hasn't been dared by you yet, Sandy!" Pashmina said.

"Candace! Truth or Dare?"

"Dare," Candace defiantly said. "Make it a good one."

"Okay... I dare you to... to... I dare you to go... skinny-dipping in the pool!"

Everyone gasped, then laughed extremely loud. Candace stood up, silencing the others.

"Sure," she replied like it was nothing and walked downstairs to go outside. The others ran straight to the window.

-.-.-.

(The Boys' Room Again)

"Hey, Stan. Can you get rid of these bottles please?" Maxwell politely asked.

"Hm? Oh! Sure." Stan like some others, had been drinking, so his reflexes were a bit slow.

"Thanks. I really don't want the girls to know we had _this much_ booze at the party..."

"Sure thing, dude." Stan took the large garbage bag of empty beer bottles and went downstairs, outside.

-.-.-.

(The Girls' Room Again)

The others giggled, watching Candace walk down the pavement to the pool. Once she got to the gate, she took off all her clothes. Realizing the gate was locked, she hopped over it and to the pool's ladder, where she slowly hoisted herself down into the water. Candace began to swim to the middle of the kidney-shaped pool when all of a sudden, the safety light came on. The rest gasped and quieted down, seeing something/one Candace did not...

-.-.-.

As Stan walked down the pavement to the dumpster, he accidentally triggered the safety light to come on. He heard a small splash from the pool and looked in that direction where Candace, in all her naked glory, was in the spotlight. He dropped the bag of bottles, which made a huge thud as they hit the ground. Candace looked up, startled and let out a squeal, seeing Stan. She put an arm over her chest. All was quiet.

-.-.-.

"Oh my goodness!" Pashmina squeaked.

"I know! This is the most humiliating thing we've ever had Candace do!"

"She's going to hate us forever!"

"Shh...Girls, I think something's going to happen," Bijou hushed her giggling friends. They all looked back out the window.

-.-.-.

Stan awkwardly tried lightening the mood.

"Well, I guess it's obvious who ate Lucky Charms for breakfast today..." They both let out a nervous laugh.

"Um... Stan? Can you hand me my bra?" Candace slowly asked. Stan momentarily froze.

"Yeah. Sure." He picked up the lavender bra. Before tossing it to his roommate, he checked the cup size.

'28-B... Rrrrr.'

-.-.-.

One A.M. (After the Parties)

Stan slowly went into his room, hoping he wouldn't get Candace at a bad moment again. He flicked on his bedside lamp and looked over at the bed next to his. Candace was sound asleep.

At around two-thirty, it started to storm. It wasn't the thunder or lightning that woke Stan up, it was his roommate dive-bombing into his bed.

Candace snuggled up close to Stan, trembling. Stan slowly rolled over to see her.

"Am I dreaming? Or are you really in my bed? 'Cuz if you are, I wanna know where my other two wishes are at," he groggily flirted. Candace didn't do anything.

BOOM! Another roll of thunder. Candace clung to Stan for dear life and shook in fear. Stan protectively wrapped his arms around her.

"Shh... It's alright. I'll keep you safe..." Stan soothed. Candace buried her face in his chest, whimpering. "Everything's okay... I got ya." he tenderly rubbed her back until she fell asleep.

Stan remembered when he and Sandy were kids. He used to tell his sister not to be afraid because storms were only noise and light, even though he was probably more afraid than her. But, still... he wasn't ever this afraid.

10. Lots to Do

Chapter Ten: Lots to Do

Candace's eyes slowly fluttered open and she sluggishly registered that she wasn't alone. Her brain also registered that the one with her was a male. But, she didn't register that it was Stan.

Candace squeaked and pushed herself off of him, making them roll off the bed and tumble to the floor.

"Huh? Wha?"

Candace ducked under the bed and peeked over at Stan.

"I'm sooo sorry!" she apologized.

"Nah, that's okay. Hell, maybe we should sleep together more often. You woke me up better than my alarm clock does." Stan

chuckled.

"Well, that and last nightâ€¦ I'm such a baby when it comes to storms," she continued apologizing.

"Nah, I thought it was cute. That, and your bra."

Candace slapped her forehead , sighing.

"Menâ€¦"

-.--.

"Alright. Where to first, ladies?" Sandy asked. They looked around the plaza.

"How 'bout we get our claws done?" Pashmina suggested.

"Sure," the others agreed. They walked into the salon.

They all decided on French tips. Penelope's were too short and little, so she could only get hers painted.

"Penny, when you're older and can take better care of your claws, I'll take you to get them done just like this, okay?" Pashmina tried negotiating. Penelope sniffled and wiped her eyes, cheerfully agreeing.

"Ookwee!" she nodded.

Bijou's were baby blue with neon blue tips, Pashmina's were light pink with mauve tips, Sandy's were white with silver tips, Penelope's were yellow with red and white polka dots, and Candace chose the same as Sandy so they'd match.

"Okay. Let's go shoe shopping next," Bijou said.

"Okay," Candace said.

"I hope I find something to match my dress," Pashmina chimed.

Bijou found nice heels to go with hers, as did Pashmina. Candace picked out Penelope the most darling white flowered Mary-Janes. Again, she and Sandy chose similar things.

"I'm hungry ookyooâ€¦"

"I'm a bit hungry, too. How about we go to lunch now?" Pashmina said.

"Mhm," Bijou and Sandy agreed. Candace's stomach growled, but she had more important things to do.

"You girls go ahead. Where should I meet you?"

"Candace, where are you going?" Sandy asked.

"I need to run some errands."

"Oh. Umâ€¦ how 'bout the fountain?"

"Sure. Meet you there."

Penelope jumped up and down.

"Ookyoo! Ookyoo! Ookwee! Please?"

"Yes, Penelope dear. I'll let you throw a few pennies into the fountain later," Pashmina warmly said. The others giggled.

-.--.

As soon as the girls returned to the hotel at around five, Candace rushed them up to hers and Stan's room, knowing he wouldn't be back for another hour or so. He, Maxwell, and a few others went to get tuxedos and shoes. Only God knows how long THAT would take!

Once in the room, Candace fetched five long boxes from the closet. She gave one to each girl, keeping one marked with a C for herself. The girls gasped, immediately knowing what they were.

"The dresses!" they screamed in unison, shredding the boxes open and pulling out their dresses.

"Oh my gosh!"

"Yeah, I know! Look at Penny's!"

"Awwâ€|"

"Look at this!"

"Oh, wowâ€|"

"Sandy, it's beautiful."

"Mhm."

"Thank you, Candace!" they all yelled their appreciation, stopping their chatter and looking at her.

"What does yours look like?" Bijou sweetly asked.

"Hopefully, not better than mine!" Sandy joked.

"C'mon, Candace! Open itâ€| please?" Pashmina kindly coaxed.

Candace blushed from all the attention.

"Alrightâ€|" She slowly opened the box and daintily removed the tissue paper. Pulling it out, she revealed her dress. The girls' eyes widened in envy and admiration.

The dress was white and had a fat silver belt-like strip of material tied around the middle. There were silver lines along the sleeves, collar, and bottom. It came to just below her shins and was straight, but a little bell-shaped like Pashmina and Bijou's dresses.

Granted, it wasn't as beautiful as Sandy's, but it was still a sight

to behold.

-.-.-.

Stan returned, as planned two hours later. He looked weary and a bit exhausted.

"How you women can do this so much is beyond me. I swear, they need to make shopping a sport!"

"Was it that bad?" Candace skeptically asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Well, noâ€¦ kinda. Here, let me tell you about the day I had and _then_ you can judge." She giggled.

"Go on."

"Well, first we went to the Big & Tall for Max, Boss, and Oxnard-

"Wait! Are you calling my cousin, your _best friend,_ fat?" Candace asked, pretending to be astonished and then laughed. Stan wasn't in the mood right now.

"No. Anyway, we go there and Ox finds out he's gone up two sizes, so he starts to bawl and all Hell breaks loose. Just when I thought things couldn't get worse, Boss' and Max's tuxedos get mixed up, so we had to start from scratch and find two new ones."

"What do you mean Boss' and Max's tuxedos got mixed up?"

"They made the groom's too tall and wide and made Boss' too thin and short. You know, like they got the orders switched." Candace tried to keep from laughing, picturing Maxwell and Boss in each others' suits.

"What else happened?"

"Well, then we went to the regular tailor. Me and some others find ours alright and we found the perfect one for Cappy. But, Cappy says he doesn't like to dress-up and demands he wears a tee-shirt and jeans. And the whole time, me and a few others were thinkin', 'Why couldn't Panda have come?'"

"Where is Panda?"

"He was in Max's room, fixin' a nightstand that got broken during the party." Candace rolled her eyes, chuckling. "I'm glad _you_ think it's funny!" Stan said, pretend-mad.

"Sorry, sorry. So, what are we gonna do about the ring bear?"

"Panda went out and got the suit. He won't let Cappy know until tomorrow, of course."

"That's good. Anything else?"

"Nope. That's pretty much my dayâ€¦ Now, I _really_ have a headache."

"Poor babyâ€|" Candace teasingly cooed, sitting on his bed and wrapping her arms around his shoulders. "Do you need a hug?"

"If you're giving them outâ€|" Candace laughed, grabbing Stan in a friendly embrace.

"Let's hope tomorrow is better."

"It should be, you planned it."

"Soâ€| let me see your tux."

Stan pulled the dry-clean bagged suit from it's less important plastic bag. Candace clasped her hands together.

"You, my friend, will look absolutely handsome." Stan blushed a bit.

"Thanks, Candyâ€| You're too sweet." Candace laughed. "No pun intended."

"G'night, Stan."

"Don't dream about me too much."

"Ha. Ha. " Candace sarcastically said.

"Awâ€| You know it's true, baby."

"Good night, Stanley," Candace said more firmly and turned out the lights.

11. Last Minute Dilemma

Chapter Eleven: Last Minute Dilemma

Stan awoke early the next morning to an eerily quiet room. He looked over at the bed next to his to find it empty. Looking at the clock, he was stunned to see it was only quarter 'til five. Knowing Candace wasn't very much of a morning hamster, Stan began to worry. He flicked on his lamp and glanced at the bathroom. The door was shut. He sighed with relief and went back to sleep.

Two hours later, Stan's alarm clock bleeped at full volume. He sluggishly sat up. Letting his vision adjust to the light for a moment, he looked over where Candace should've been. Seeing that she wasn't, Stan began to walk towards the bathroom. The door was still shut. He knocked.

"Stan?" Candace asked.

"Ya lock yourself in there?" Stan joked.

"No..." Stan detected a hint of panic in her voice.

"Everything okay?"

"No." More panic.

"Can you tell me what's wrong?"

Candace hesitated. "Um..." Figuring that since Stan had already seen her nude, she really didn't have that much to be timid about with him, so she calmly stated,

"I'm on my period."

Stan coughed and fell to the ground. There are two things women should never talk about with men. One, being porn of any kind. And two, her bodily functions.

"Ugh... ugh, Candace?"

"Yeah...?"

"I think this is outta my jurisdiction." Again, it was eerily quiet. Candace's usual laughter wasn't there.

"Hey, Stan..." Candace said after a moment.

"Yeah?"

"I... I kinda need you to do me a favor..." Stan gulped.

"Y-yeah?"

"Do you think you could... well, could ugh... Do you think you could pick me up some pads and these things that start with a T?" She didn't want to make Stan uncomfortable by saying the real word.

"S-sure-Where's your wallet or purse or-"

"In my suitcase. Top compartment," Candace quickly said. Stan pulled out a ten from her purple jeweled wallet. Normally, he would pay, but he figured that would make them his in a way.

'What did I get myself into?' He walked off towards the door.

"Wait! Stan?" Stan went to the bathroom door.

"Yeah?"

"Do you know what they look like?"

"Mhm." Stan had snooped in his sister's bathroom cabinet enough times to know what to look for.

"Thank you SO much!"

-.--.

Stan stood at the check-out counter, tapping his foot and whistling nervously, darting his eyes around the store as an elderly woman took her time slowly fishing money from her purse. Once she was gone, he dashed up to the counter and placed the pads and tampons on it.

"These aren't for me," he quickly informs the sales clerk, who just goes on about his business. "I swear."

"Mhm..." the clerk said a bit skeptically and cocked an eyebrow. "That'll be nine thirty-five." Stan handed him Candace's ten.

"Keep the change!" he said as he dashed out to the hotel with the blue plastic bag of "supplies".

-.--.

Stan knocked on the bathroom door, which Candace opened slightly, yanking the bag into the room with her. She quickly shut the door. Moments later, she emerged.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, Stan!" She ran up to him, giving her friend a hug.

"You're welcome..."

"If I had an older brother, I bet he wouldn't even do that. Hell, my daddy doesn't even do that! So, did you have any shopping mishaps today?"

"None really... Except for this old lady who took her sweet-ass time getting change out of her purse!" Candace slightly laughed. "You okay?"

"As far as cramps go..." She walked over to her suitcase and took out a bottle of Tylenol. She quickly swallowed the capsule. "I packed these just in case."

"You pack those and not the crap that really matters?! Man! No wonder you're only Max's cousin-by-marriage!" Stan joked. Candace's laughter returned.

"Well, I have to go to Sandy's room to get all the girls ready. You headin' over to Max's?" Stan nodded.

"See ya at the altar!" they both said, chuckling.

Today was the day. Not only for the beginning of Sandy and Maxwell's life together, but for Stan to test destiny. He was going to tell herâ€|someway, somehowâ€|that he cared for her and he hoped the feeling was mutual. Never before had he been so fixed on a girl that she plagued his every thought. Never before could he try to impress someone by just being silly and open, without having to act cool. No one's smile could make him smile quite as much and no one's laugh could turn an absolute day of Hell into a far better one immediately, once heard. All of this and, Stan realized, he hadn't flirted as much with other girls._

Yes. He was going to do it. He had no doubt in his mind that his someday had finally come after so long. His someday was here, ending the waitâ€|_

Chapter Twelve: The Wedding

Stan and Maxwell stood at the altar as many of the Ham-hams, relatives, and etcetera filtered in through the chapel's doors. Stan looked over at his best friend.

"Max, it's gonna be fine. You'll do great!... But, if you pass out, don't count on me to catch ya." A very pale Maxwell weakly laughed.

"You're right. Everything's going to be fine..." They didn't talk after that.

Minutes later, as everyone was sitting down, the doors shut. The wedding would take place _very soon_.

-.--.

"Achoo!" Cappy sneezed on the small cushion holding the rings. His nose began to run, so he figured that since he didn't have a handkerchief, no one would notice if he wiped his nose on the pillow.

"CAPPY!" Stan and Maxwell heard Panda's yell from the altar. Then, they heard a loud 'whap!'

"I wonder what the little guy did..." Stan trailed off, but was immediately startled by the organ's blast. Anxious looks of expectation crept upon the mens' faces. Howdy noticed this.

"What's _Stan_ lookin' like that for? It ain't like _he's_ the one gettin' hitched," he pointed out to Dexter, who became equally intrigued.

"Hmmm..."

The doors swung open and out came Penelope, skipping as she delicately tossed the flower petals on the floor, beautifying the aisle for Sandy to walk on. Then came the Bride's Maids, Bijou and Pashmina, daintily stepping around the hundreds of petals. And soon, the bride herself came down the aisle, followed by her Maid of Honor.

Maxwell's eyes drank in the vision of his beloved as she crept upon him down the aisle. Stan's mimicked his.

"There he goes again..." Howdy groaned.

"Shh..." Dexter hushed. Then, suddenly both caught on. "It's Candace!" they quietly yelled.

"Shh!", some older hamsters shushed to them.

"Sorry..." both apologized. They lightly hi-fived one another for making such a discovery.

Everyone in the wedding was at the altar now. Sandy slowly handed her bouquet of roses and lilies to Candace, who gently cradled them for her as she held paws with Maxwell. Sandy looked into his navy blue eyes, which seemed slightly disturbed. She sent him a reassuring

glance with her emeralds for eyes. They smiled.

Candace caught Stan's glance and smiled as he winked at her, causing a light crimson blush to come to her cheeks. Her smile widened.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the joining of these two loving souls... Do you, Maxwell Edwards, take Sandy Williams as your lawfully wedded wife- to have and to hold, to honor and cherish, in richer or poorer, in sickness and in health- as long as you both shall live?" the priest asked.

"I-I D-do." Candace couldn't contain her giggles. The priest glared.

"Sorry..." she faintly apologized. The priest sighed.

"Do you, Sandy Williams, take Maxwell Edwards as you lawfully wedded husband-..."

The wedding ceremony continued. Stan and Candace kept passing looks to one another as they witnessed their loved ones' lives changing in just a matter of minutes. Candace ended the game and started paying attention to what was going on, but Stan, for some reason, couldn't keep his eyes off of her.

"You guys are right. Stan does have the hots for her. Hell, they might be the next ones up here," Boss whispered, noticing Stan's staring at Candace.

"Told ya so," Howdy said.

"I never said I didn't believe you," Boss stated.

"But, you gave us a look," Dexter retorted. "One that conveyed that you didn't believe us."

"I was yawning!"

"Shh!" some older hams shushed again.

Back up at the altar, the priest was concluding the ceremony.

"With the power bestowed upon me, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride."

Maxwell gently lifted Sandy's veil, putting it behind her head. They both bashfully hesitated. They had kissed before, but not like this. Now, things were different. He looked into her eyes for another look of reassurance, but even the feisty tiger-ham had none to offer at the moment.

Candace looked over at Stan, who looked like he wanted to scream at them for taking so long. She wanted to laugh, but the priest would probably get mad again. She contained it. Finally, the moment came where Maxwell's and Sandy's lips tenderly pressed together in a tame, but nonetheless passionate kiss. They slowly parted, linking arms. Sandy graciously took the bouquet back and briskly walked up the aisle with her new husband, smiling. Everybody stood up and waited for the newlyweds to pass before they saw them off to the

reception.

Maxwell opened Sandy's door for her and walked around to the driver's side. They drove off.

Candace began to weep happily, hearing the tin cans clank against the asphalt. 'They're so lucky...'

Stan saw this and tears pricked his eyes as well. 'I know how ya feel, Candy...'

13. The Reception

Chapter Thirteen: The Reception

Stan clinked his fork to his glass, but instead of getting to see his sister kiss Maxwell, he got two very annoyed glares.

"Knock it off, Stan," Sandy growled.

"Aww... C'mon! Just one more?"

"No," Maxwell said, timidly, but nonetheless sternly.

"Aww... geez. You guys always have to ruin my fun!" Stan pouted. Sandy and Maxwell rolled their eyes and chuckled.

The DJ began playing the first song, which was dedicated to the bride and groom. Maxwell held out his arm and Sandy grabbed it. They drifted to the middle of the floor. Stan floated over to Candace.

"So, how are you gonna sit out this shindig?"

"Like this," Candace replied, wrapping her arms around Stan's neck as she giggled.

Stan grinned as he placed his paws on her back, slowly inching down to her waist. It was an amazing feeling, finally getting to touch the parts he had yearned to for so long. Candace smiled up at him, her soft, brown eyes twinkling as he swayed her body with his. Stan made a point by connecting his eyes with hers. She quickly looked away, out into the room. Stan frowned.

Candace gasped, beginning to laugh.

"What?" Stan asked.

She pointed to the right where Stan could see Cappy and Penelope sticking their fingers in the cake's frosting. They laughed.

"Kids..." Stan sighed, twirling Candace, causing her to squeal in delight.

-.-.-.

As the newlyweds danced, the bride took short glances at her surroundings. Her brilliant green eyes fell upon something that gave

her good chills with its surprise.

Sandy had never seen a more intimate expression on her twin's face. Stan put his nose to Candace's as they slow danced.

"Stan! What are you doing?" Candace giggled.

"Getting a better look at those pretty eyes of yours," was Stan's reply.

"Oh Stan..." Candace sighed.

Another song began to play, which set the mood even more. Stan recognized it and sang the first four lines, making Candace laugh.

_**"If you're not the one then why does my soul feel glad today?

>If you're not the one then why does my hand fit yours this way?
If you are not mine then why does your heart return my call?

>If you are not mine would I have the strength to stand at all?"_

_I'll never know what the future brings

>But I know you're here with me now
We'll make it through

>And I hope you are the one I share my life with

As they continued dancing, Candace spoke.

"You know, Stan? You're a very special guy. No one's ever made me so happy before... I'm so glad I've met you." She looked into his eyes and vowed she wouldn't look away if he returned the glance.

He did. Their eyes connected. Stan felt like kissing her, but he told himself to wait until he told Candace how he felt.

'You're waiting, right bud?' he asked himself. His self wasn't listening. 'Right?'

'Yeah. Sure, dude...'

_I don't want to run away but I can't take it, I don't understand

>If I'm not made for you then why does my heart tell me that I am?
Is there any way that I can stay in your arms?...

-

-.--.

After a while of dancing, the next of the festivities began.

All the women crowded together as Sandy turned her back to them, raised her arms, and got ready to throw the bouquet.

Stan, like a few other men watching this for amusement, glanced around and noticed Candace wasn't there. He found her at a table.

"Aren't you going to join 'em?"

"Nah. I have terrible grip, I can't catch for crap. That, and I never really believed in this stuff." So Stan, wanting to keep her company, stood by the table and chatted.

The bouquet was in flight. At first, Pashmina thought she'd get it, but then Sandy's Aunt Tiffany nearly intercepted it. It flew past the both of them, the crowd, and into... Stan's arms.

"Huh?" Stan stumbled to keep it off the ground. Candace laughed hysterically, as did many others.

Once Stan caught his balance, he slowly walked over to Candace. Everyone was still looking.

"So, do you believe in this stuff, now?" he asked as he leaned in, making Candace's laughter stop and she grew nervous. Stan kissed her for a good half-minute. He pulled away, not wanting to over-do it. Everybody was quiet, waiting for her reply.

"I-I-I..."

14. The Good Kind

Chapter Fourteen: The Good Kind

"... I... don't... know..."

Her words may have been slow, but she was quick to get out of there. As Candace walked away, everyone gasped or consolingly cooed. Stan was on the verge of tears. He quickly gulped them down and kicked the bouquet into the crowd of ladies.

"Who's next?" He chuckled, trying to sound together, but he was falling apart. He and his friends the plastered smile and empty laugh stayed until the party was over, not wanting to worry anyone.

.-

"But, I thought she'd say yes..."

"So did I, Howdy," Dexter grimly said. Stan was really ahead of the Ham-hams now.

"Why didn't she? They coulda been great!"

"I wish I knew, buddy. I wish I knew..."

.-

..."Why didn't she, though?" Cappy asked, looking up at his older brother.

"Yeah, Pashy-Why?" Penelope wanted to know.

"I'm not sure..." both young adults answered, disheartened.

-.-

Maxwell caught up with Stan as the hams kept buzzing about the event.

"Stan... Are you alright?"

"I want to be... Hey, tell the hams not to dwell on it. After all, this is your big day." Stan walked further ahead. Maxwell sighed, sadly. Sandy came over to comfort him.

"He'll be fine... My poor bro..."

-.--.

Stan opened his door, hoping Candace wasn't mad at him and was already asleep. He turned his lamp on, gasping to find all of Candace's things gone. He frantically, vainly, went into the bathroom and searched every nook and cranny for something-anything- of hers left behind. She left nothing. It was like she had never been there.

Stan collapsed onto his bed and started crying. Through his blurred vision, he noticed a sticky note on the TV. He walked over to it, sniffing and drying his eyes, hoping for some good news. He gingerly plucked it off the screen. It read:

Stan,

I'm sorry about what happened. Don't call me, I'll call you.

-Candace.

He cried even harder. He thought he'd drown in his own tears. He fell into a fitful asleep.

'What have I done...?'

-.--.

The train's whistle blasted as it slowly began to move the next morning. Stan sat alone. His gaze wasn't close enough to see his own reflection in the window, nor was it far away to see the rolling hills they passed. It was lost somewhere in between. He pulled his legs up on the seat and rested his chin on his knees. His eyes seemed glued to that unknown distance.

Sandy, who sat with Maxwell in the seat across from him worried about her brother. She was worried about Candace. She worried about Maxwell and all the others who had witnessed last night. The words 'I don't know' echoed around in her head.

"Stan... Stanley... Hon, look over here, please," Pashmina tried to stir him.

"Mr. Stan!" Penelope wailed. Stan remained still.

"Alright. Maybe later..." Pashmina said.

-.-.-.

All the Ham-hams tried to stir Stan. Howdy brought out his "best material", hoping that if Stan didn't laugh, he'd at least beat the tar out of him in annoyance. Hamtaro asked a question about girls, looking for some sort of advice, and Cappy hit him with his brother's hammer, getting hit with it himself once Panda caught him with it. Nothing seemed to be working.

"We'll just leave you alone for now..." Bijou sadly said.

"Thanks," Stan finally said, turning around to face them.

Everyone stared. His eyes didn't have the usual glossed over look they did when he was upset. Instead, two broken pools of emptiness stared directly back at the hams. He turned back around, not talking the rest of the way home, even though the others encouraged him to.

-.-.-.

At around four that afternoon, Stan gave up and allowed himself to think about Candace. His heart broke with each memory.

_ 'Do you wanna run away together?'

>I would say it was your best line ever.
Too bad I fell for it...

>And I walked along,
Waiting for you to come along.

>Take my tortured heart by the hand.
And write me off...

-

Stan? Hi, I'm Candace

That I am aware of.

Smart ass... Anyway, can you do me a HUGE favor?

I can do more than that, babe.

STANLEY!

** (giggles)**

_Do you know I cry?

>Do you know I die?
Do you know I cry?

>And it's not the good kind...

Good night, Stan.

Stan turned around and became completely transfixed with a pair of the most lovely brown eyes. He stood there, in the middle of the sidewalk, numb and breathless as the giggling figure with the flowing brunette ham-hair and pearls for teeth went into the house and turned off the light...

_You forced me to become strong.

>And I just cried, being weak.
And you think you know.

>And I would like to think so,
But do you know that when you go,

>I fall apart...

****Behind Sandy and Maxwell was the angel otherwise known as Candace in a sparkling white strapless dress. Her hair was held in two shiny barrettes. Each had three silver hearts.****

****Stan inadvertently shivered.****

****W-what's shakin', C-Candace?****

****Obviously, **you** are, Stan. He loved that giggle. He still did and always would, as haunting as it was.**

Do you know I cry?

>Do you know I die?
Do you know I cry?

>And it's not the good kind.
No, it's not the good kind..._

****As Candace walked to her seat, she accidentally brushed against Stan. The two blushed.****

****Sorry about that.****

****It's okay... Besides, if you were a booger, I'd pick you first.

****I guess I'd pick you, too.****

I'm tired of hiding behind these lying eyes,

>I'm tired of this smile that even I don't recognize.

>Do you know I cry? ...

****I bet you can't do this!****

****Her eyes twinkled, determined.****

Do you know I die? _

****I'm gonna take a shower...****

****Can I come?****

****In your dreams.****

****Are you sure?"****

****Yes... Perv. Stan rubbed his cheek fondly, remembering the punishment Candace gave to him.**

>Do you know I cry?

****BOOM! Another roll of thunder. Candace clung to Stan for dear life and shook in fear. Stan protectively wrapped his arms around her.****

****Shh... It's alright. I'll keep you safe...****

**** (Whimpers)****

**Everything's okay... I got ya. **

—
>Do you know I cry?

Nope. That's pretty much my dayâ€| Now, I **_really**_** have a headache.**

Poor babyâ€|Do you need a hug?

If you're giving them outâ€|

—
>And it's not the good kind...
Do you know I cry?
>Do you know I die?
Do you know I cry?
>Do you know I cry?
And it's not the good kind... _

—
>**Thank you, thank you, thank you, Stan!**

You're welcome...

—
>No, you're not the good kind.
Good kind
>No, you're not the good kind.
Good kind
>No, you're not the good kind.

Candace caught Stan's glance and smiled as he winked at her, causing a light crimson blush to come to her cheeks. Her smile widened. Stan thoroughly missed that smile... He missed her laugh, her silly yet maternal nature.

His eyes gleamed with tears. He couldn't cry here. That would make him a wuss. In spite of himself, the stinging tears wobbled in his eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and ruffled his fur as they plopped down to the floor. He was glad he had his face pressed to the window, otherwise, they'd all know.

-.--.

That evening, Stan walked home, declining the invitation to Sandy and Maxwell's for dinner that night. He unlocked the door to his lonely house, walked up the stairs to his lonely room, and curled up in his lonely bed. His mind drifted away again.

_If I don't need you then why am I crying on my bed?
>If I don't need you then why does your name resound in my head?
If you're not for me then why does this distance maim my life?
>If you're not for me then why do I dream of you as my wife?

Questions popped into his head. Did women not find him attractive? He had a striking appearance, but maybe it was his flirtatious charisma... All Stan knew for sure was that destiny had betrayed him, it had lied to him.

_I don't know why you're so far away
>But I know that this much is true
We'll make it through
>And I hope you are the one I share my life with
And I wish that

>And I pray in you're the one I build my home with
I hope I love
you all my life_

>I don't want to run away but I can't take it, I don't
understand
If I'm not made for you then why does my heart tell me
that I am
>Is there any way that I can stay in your arms?

>'Cause I miss you, body and soul so strong that it takes my breath
away
And I breathe you into my heart and pray for the strength to
stand today
>'Cause I love you, whether it's wrong or right
And though I can't
be with you tonight
>You know my heart is by your side

'Of course she wouldn't,' Stan barked to himself.

>If I'm not made for you then why does my heart tell me that I
am
Is there any way that I could stay in your arms..._

Did destiny have another path for Stan and Candace to cross? He secretly, really hoped the answer was yes, that maybe then would be his someday. He let his eyelids grow as heavy as his heart and fell asleep...

[illegible]

Elric24- My bestest buddy in real life! Thank you so much for supporting me! Even thought you're out of your Hamtaro phase, you

still read my stuff. Sure, you can be my BETA, if I ever get around to sending anything to you. XD Lurf ya!

lupyne- My number one reivewer! You always had the best, nicest things to say to me. Thank you for being so polite! Thank you, period! No matter what, you always reviewed and I am so happy you did. Oh! And thanks SO much for faving this!

Hamtarō Luvr- You brought up a great point and asked a good question. Even though you never said anyhting after that, I hope you kept reading. Thanks!

Silver Amgel 223- Thanks so much for reading this! I am so grateful for your support! I hope we can get to know each other better someday, too. I loved hearing from you!

Cherie-Sakura- My newest reviewer. Now that I've re-done this, I can say just how glad I am that you enjoyed my story so much! You even faved it! Squee! Thank you!

AND for the rest of you, THANKS SO MUCH! Keep reading!

End
file.